

TEST

Written by:

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WGAE Registered:

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

CHRIS MARTIN, mid-thirties, fit, sits in a chair, appearing somewhat anxious.

TERRY GARRISON, late forties, sits behind a desk and looks through a file consisting of Chris' picture, vital stats and typed reports.

Chris sits anxiously as he watches Terry.

TERRY

(As he closes the file)

So... This file tells me a lot... Chris Martin, Army Major, Spec Ops, and more medals than can fit on your uniform. What it doesn't tell me is why you're here.

CHRIS

(DELAYED)

You know why I'm here Terry.

TERRY

I know that you're a great operations man. I know that you can spot an asset faster than anyone I know... What I don't know is why someone like you is trying to get into a black ops unit. We're a kill unit, not agency info collectors.

CHRIS

I don't need an intro speech. I'm sitting in a non-descript office in the basement of a building I had to go through three security checks to just get to the front door... I know what you do.

TERRY

I think this is about Mike.

CHRIS

I don't want to talk about him.

TERRY

He was a part of your team... He got killed on a mission that was set up based on evidence collected from one of your sources. A source you vetted, you trusted and it ended up costing you your second in command.

CHRIS
(ANGERED)

I told you I didn't want to talk about him.

TERRY

A spy wants to be a black ops assassin after he loses a team member... This really about a career change

CHRIS

You say my folder makes me qualified so this should be easy. What's with the twenty questions.

TERRY

The benefits of being a gatekeeper!

Terry places Chris' file in a desk draw and locks it.

TERRY

The fact that you made it this far means that you're in. Whether or not you stay in depends on what happens now.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Chris and Terry sit at the table.

FRANK VAUGHN, late thirties, muscular, tough looking, hands Chris a smart phone with a picture prompted. The photo is of a man, late 40's, stocky to pudgy looking.

TERRY

Chris. This is Frank Vaughn. He'll be the point man on this. You'll be his shadow... Watch, learn, and back

his play.

FRANK

The man in the picture is DR. GEORGE ANTHONY.

TERRY

He's a chemist we use when there's a need for it.

CHRIS

We're using him on this!

FRANK

No. Dr. Anthony's the target.

TERRY

The good doctor is an unusual mix of genius and idiot. Smart when making whatever drug cocktail we need.

FRANK

Dumb when it comes to dropping hundreds in a strip club.

TERRY

Or money on high end prostitutes!

CHRIS

(CONFUSED)

We're killing a chemist because he likes tits... We suddenly become vice cops.

TERRY

Go to the next picture.

Chris opens up the picture to reveal a photo of two men in their early forties.

FRANK

VLADIMIR AND VITALI KOSKOV!

CHRIS

Russian!

TERRY

Ukrainian!

FRANK

The Koskovs' are gun runners and drug dealers with connects in the US, Eastern Europe and the Middle East.

TERRY

This would usually be something that the FBI would be handling, but they're money's connected to some people on the agency kill list, which puts them on our radar.

CHRIS

What's Anthony's connection to Koskovs?

FRANK

We got intel on his outside activity.

TERRY

He's using his chemistry degree to make designer drugs... Low addictive rate and a big buzz with low toxicity.

CHRIS

(AS HE PLACES THE PHONE ON THE TABLE)
Does he know who the Koskovs are connected to?

TERRY

We're not sure. He might think that they're just dealers looking for a supplier.

CHRIS

So how do we play this?

TERRY

We tapped Anthony's cell. He just sent a shipment of designer party pills to Stockholm.

FRANK

The shipment was spiked with a toxin. It won't kill anyone, but It'll force the Koskovs to question if they got

taken or it was a mistake in the lab.

TERRY

They'll come looking for answers.
We grab them, sweat them for intel
then take care of them.

CHRIS

What happens to the doctor?

TERRY

Same thing that happens to Victor
and Vlad.

Chris has picked up the smartphone and handed it to Frank.

CHRIS

When are we doing this?

FRANK

Tonight!

OFFICE BUILDING - WEAPONS ROOM - EVENING

Chris has prepared a case filled with radio equipment, silenced
Beretta 92F pistols, HK G36s and loaded magazines.

Terry enters the room.

TERRY

You all set?

CHRIS

(AS HE CLOSSES THE CASE)

Yeah.

TERRY

They say there's a fine line between
confidence and arrogance. You know
what I think... I think someone just
wants to sound smarter than they really
are... In this business you're either
one or the other.

CHRIS

What're you trying to say?

TERRY

(DELAYED/ AUTHORITATIVE)

You're way deep down the rabbit hole. So you're confident that you can do this, or arrogant enough to step into a world you're not ready for... This is your last chance to walk away. You walk out the door, that's it. You're all the way in, or all the way gone... Last chance to get off the merry-go-round.

Chris stares, unresponsively, at Terry.

INT. BLACKSITE OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Frank is standing in a room filled with laptops, desktop computers, electronic equipment and firearms.

Chris is sitting.

FRANK

We have a bug on his cell, home phone and office lines. Anthony's meeting a friend for drinks... I'll bump into him, then apologetically offer to buy him a cocktail.

CHRIS

(CONFUSED)

Then what?

FRANK

The drink will be spiked with a fast acting toxin. He gets home, climbs into bed and becomes an unfortunate heart attack victim.

CHRIS

What about the drug. What if they run a tox screen?

FRANK

It'll be out of his system before he's put in a body bag.

CHRIS

What about the body?

FRANK

The corpse stays put. You and I go in and clear out anything that may lead to anything more than the cops and the coroner coming to the sad conclusion that a middle aged PHD chemist died tragically. End of story. Case closed... It keeps us from getting rid of a dead body, or someone he knows filing a missing persons report.

Frank checks his watch.

FRANK

We're mobile in ten.

EXT. SUV PARKED ON STREET - NIGHT

Frank in the driver's seat, and Chris in the passenger's seat, wait in the vehicle.

Frank checks his watch.

FRANK

Let's go.

INT. DR. ANTHONY'S HOME - OFFICE - NIGHT

Frank is downloading a virus into a desktop computer, via USB stick.

Chris, holding a silenced nine millimeter pistol, watches the door.

FRANK

The hard drive's clean.

Frank exits.

Chris moves further in to the room.

Moments later, a gunshot echoes from the bedroom.

DR. ANTHONY'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

LATER

Chris enters, and suddenly stops in his tracks.

Dr. Anthony has a pistol to Frank's head, using him as a shield, and another pistol in his free hand, lowered to his side.

Frank, visibly in pain due to a leg wound, is breathing hard.

DR. ANTHONY
(LOUD/ ANGRY)

Who are you? Who sent you?

Chris, pistol drawn, says nothing.

DR. ANTHONY
You think I didn't see that play your friend here made at the bar. You think I didn't see you following me... Who sent you.

Chris refuses to answer.

DR. ANTHONY
Your friend's bleeding pretty bad. You need to get him to a doctor. Tell me who sent you, you walk away and he gets to live.

FRANK
(IN PAIN/ ANGRY)

Bullshit!

Dr. Anthony forces the pistol harder against Frank's head.

DR. ANTHONY
(MENACING)

You got ten seconds to start talking...
Ten... Nine... Eight!

Chris is staring intensely at them.

DR. ANTHONY
(MENACING)

Seven!

FRANK
(LOUD)

Shoot.

Chris appears confused.

FRANK
(LOUD)

Take the shot.

Dr. Anthony FIRES a shot, hitting Chris in the right side.

He then KNOCKS Frank to the ground.

Chris attempts to grab his dropped pistol, but is kicked in the face by Dr. Anthony, leaving him half-conscious on the floor.

Dr. Anthony walks toward Frank, FIRING multiple shots.

Chris attempts to get up, but falls.

Dr. Anthony approaches and points his pistol at Chris.

DR. ANTHONY
You fucked with the wrong person.

Dr. Anthony Kicks him in the face.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BLACKSITE - MEDICAL ROOM - DAY

Chris, resting in bed, wakes up.

TERRY (O.S.)
Feeling better?

Terry approaches Chris.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - TERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Terry is sitting behind his desk.

Chris, appearing dejected and confused, sits across from him.

CHRIS

Frank. Did he have any family?

TERRY

No... But he still has a chance too.

CHRIS

(CONFUSED)

What!

TERRY

Franks's alive. The leg wound was fake and he was hit with blanks. The gun you were hit with was live.

CHRIS

(CONFUSED)

What about Anthony.

TERRY

An agent playing a role... That's the reason the bullet's in your side and not your head.

CHRIS

(CONFUSED/ ANGRY)

What the hell's going on Terry?

TERRY

You remember when I talked to you about confidence and arrogance.

CHRIS

(ANGRY)

What the fuck is this?

TERRY

This was a test... Your field test. You think I'd just send you out on an op without knowing what you'd do, knowing what your made of.

CHRIS

A test.

TERRY

You told me that you know what we do. That you know what you stepped

into... The target was holding you're partner as a shield. If this was real you'd be dead, or in some dark room being worked over by some very bad people.

CHRIS

You could've killed me.

TERRY

No you could've killed you... You don't wait, you don't hesitate, you put a round into his leg if you can save him, or one in his head if you have to... No one's bigger than the mission.

CHRIS

You're telling me if the situation was reversed Frank would do that.

TERRY

We kill people, bad people, but it's still killing. This isn't a war zone with you in a uniform killing some enemy soldier... We take out the worst of the worst... There's no parade, no accolades, no thanks from a grateful nation, just a bunch of people who complain about the morality of what we do... Because of this we can't waiver.

Terry opens up a desk draw, and pulls out a manila envelope and hands it to Chris.

CHRIS

What's this?

TERRY

A recommendation letter for your new employer... GREG RETTON, he's the head of a PMC. They guard humanitarian aide staff employed with charity organizations in hot zones all over the world... It's six figures and the chance you get to make up for the mistakes you think you need to make amends for.

CHRIS

(DEJECTED)

So that's it... One and done... And you get to make that decision.

TERRY

Being the gatekeeper comes with making more mistakes than you'd like to admit to... It also means that you learn not to make one when you see a chance to make the right choice staring you right in the face.

CHRIS

So I just accept this.

TERRY

Deep down, you're a good man trying to to be decent in a world that isn't... I told you you're in all the way or you're gone... If the op was real a six figure job and a chance to do some good wouldn't be an option.

They are silent for a moment.

TERRY

(MATTER OF FACT MANNER)

There's a car outside that'll take you wherever you want to go... Good luck.

Chris is staring at Terry, looking lost.

EXT. PARKED SUV ON ROAD - DAY

Chris sits in the back of the vehicle with the manila envelope that was given to him on the seat next to him, appearing lost in the thought.

The driver pulls off.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - TERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Terry has Chris' file open on his desk.

He writes a note a file sheet and places it the file next to a picture of Chris.

The file is closed.

FADE OUT:

END.